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Miss Mary E. Latham

a premium awarded

by her Instructor S.F.B.

"With what a light heart did he bound up the hill which led to his father's house."
Page 40.

ADDISON PINNEO,

WHO DIED IN HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

SEPT. 17, 1831,

AGED TEN YEARS.

"Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit."

Second Edition.

BOSTON:
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PREFACE.

The death of Addison Pinneo excited so much interest, in all who were acquainted with the circumstances, that it was thought by many, that the knowledge of them ought not to be confined to the immediate vicinity. I was requested to prepare a short Memoir. The facts were collected very soon after his decease, while recollection was fresh, and with a scrupulous regard to accuracy in the most minute particulars. Especial pains were taken to obtain the very words which he used; and they have been given, even when a trifling change would have rendered his language more correct. The style I have endeavored to adapt to the young, and the form of a personal address has been chosen, that more instruction of a practical nature might be mingled with the narrative. It is not expected, that a

book of this kind will be severely criticised. To those who may find many faults, I would only say that it was written amid a press of other engagements. I subjoin the testimonials which have been given me by the pastor and parents of the deceased.

I cheerfully testify, that I have for many years been acquainted with Deacon Pinneo and his family. I visited his interesting little son in his last sickness, conversed and prayed with him. I am also well acquainted with the author of the Memoir; and, with others, advised him to write it; and have no doubt that all the statements have been made with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy.

JOSIAH TOWNE,

Pastor of the Cong. Church, East Hanover.

Hanover, 31*st Oct.* 1831.

We are happy to state, that we have read the Memoir of our beloved son; and that it is correct in every particular, according to our recollection. We have consented to its publication, with the hope that it may be blessed to the everlasting good of some who shall read it.

ORRAMEL PINNEO.

EUNICE H. PINNEO.

Hanover, Nov. 4th, 1831.

INTRODUCTION.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—*Job*, xiv. 2.

"Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord! impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last."

To the young Sabbath Scholar who takes up this Book.

My dear young friend,—Would you like to know for whom this book was written? It was for *you*. It is *your* book. I knew that you were fond of reading about boys and girls of your own age, what they said, what they did, how they lived, and how they died; and I have written for you an account of an interesting little boy, who lived in the town where I lived for a long time, and who, as we believe, gave himself to Jesus when he was ten

years old, and was soon after taken by Jesus out of this world of sin and sorrow, to be forever with him in His heavenly kingdom.

'But what was his name?' you ask me.

It was Addison Pinneo.

'And where did he live?'

In Hanover, New Hampshire.

This story of little Addison I have written with the hope that you will read it, read it *all*, and read it *carefully*. Now, do not disappoint me. Do not throw the book down without reading it, and go to your play, or to some trifling book which will do you no good. And do not read it as some Sabbath scholars, whom I know, read their books. Instead of reading the whole, they read only a little here, and a little there, so that they may get the story, and then throw them down. And some, if they read the whole, read it so carelessly, that, when their teacher asks them the next Sabbath, 'What is in their book,' they can say hardly a word. Do not be like them; but see if you cannot read this so well, that when your parents, or teacher wish you to give an account of it, you can tell them all about it, and answer correctly all the questions they may ask you.

Oh, I wish that you had known little Addison, that you had gone to school with him, that you had heard him talk of Jesus, and had knelt to pray with him; or that you could have seen him on his death-

bed, pale, suffering, yet happy in Jesus' love; and could have heard him talk of the joys of that heaven to which he was going, and the glories of that Saviour whom he was soon to see.

You would not then need that I should say anything to fix your attention upon this little Memoir. As you were reading it, his image would be always before your eyes, his words would be always sounding in your ears. You could almost see his angel form stooping over the page, upon which you were looking; and if you shed a tear to his memory, could almost hear his gentle whisper, 'Weep not for me.'

But it is forever too late to see him upon earth. All our wishes cannot bring back the departed spirit. Yet see him you certainly will. And as you read, let the thought go with you, that you will soon meet him before the judgment seat of Christ; and that, if you are like him, you will stand with him on the right hand of the Judge, will enter into the same rest, and will join him forever in songs of praise 'to Him that loved you, and washed you from your sins in his own blood.'

Oh! will you not prepare to meet him? Will you not, as you read of his repentance, repent yourself; as you read of his love to God, love God yourself; and be like him here in devotedness to Christ, that you may be like him hereafter in glory! I beg you, before you read any farther, to pray to

God, that he would grant you his Holy Spirit, and bless this book to your soul; that you may not read it in vain, but may have a heart, like Addison, to give yourself to Christ, so that when you die, and you may die as young as he did, you may meet him with joy, and be welcomed by him to the mansions of everlasting bliss.

I have offered this prayer many times for you while writing this book, and will you not offer it for yourself?

If you have offered it, and from the heart, for God will hear no other prayer, I shall be happy to tell you all that I know about little Addison.

MEMOIR, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Addison's birth—Family—Early instruction.

"But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—*Josh.* xxiv. 15.
"As long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 *Samuel*, i. 28.

"Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Would'st thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of wo?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smile is there."

I HAVE told you that ADDISON PINNEO was born in Hanover, New Hampshire. Perhaps you are so well acquainted with geography, that you can tell me where this town is, without looking for it. If not, you can take your map of the United States, and look in the north-east corner of it; you will there find

New Hampshire, a small State. Now, if you will look along the west side of the State, you will find Hanover. It is a very pleasant town, situated upon Connecticut river.

The house in which Addison lived is very near the river. The situation is a delightful one; and the scenery around it is remarkable, even in the valley of the Connecticut, for its variety and beauty.

In this house, Addison's parents and grandparents still live. His father was descended from a French Protestant, who was forced to leave his native land on account of his religion. James Pinneo (for that was the name of his ancestor) might have staid in France, if he would have changed his religion, and become a Catholic; but rather than do this, he chose to leave his country and friends, and come to a land of strangers, where he might worship God, in the way which he thought was right. And he has never been sorry for his choice. He has never repented that he left all for God. He never repented of it while he lived; for that

God was to him more than friends, and country, and all. He has never repented since he died. That God has blessed his children, and his children's children. With what joy has he welcomed one descendant after another to seats beside him in the realms of bliss. Imagine him meeting with little Addison, and say, was not this worth all that he suffered? And then look forward to the time when the family circle shall be completed, and think that their joys are now but begun, and that they will through all eternity 'walk' hand in hand, 'the golden streets' of the New Jerusalem, and eat together the fruit of the tree of life, and talk of their Saviour's love, and delight in casting together their crowns before his throne, and in singing, with united voices, the song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh! who would not give up all for Christ?

Addison's parents were both pious. His father has been for several years a deacon in the church, and has been connected with the Sabbath school, either as a teacher or superintendent, from its beginning. His mother has

likewise done much in this blessed cause. And they feel that all their efforts in behalf of the Sabbath school have been repaid a hundred fold in their own family.

Addison was their oldest son. He was born January 31st, 1821. He had three sisters, who were all older than himself, and one brother, who was younger.

He was from his birth designed by his parents for the ministry, if God should spare his life. They hoped that they should live to hear him preach the gospel, and that, when they were laid in their graves, he would still be speaking to others the words of everlasting life. But God, as we believe, had still better designs for him, and chose him, before childhood was passed, to minister before his throne.

His parents were very careful about teaching him. As they had given him to the Lord, they felt that they ought to train him up for the Lord. The father used to take his little boy, and set him on his knee, and talk with him about the God who made him, and Jesus who died for him, and his immortal soul, and

the way to heaven. And his mother would often take her little son, and go into a room where they would be by themselves, and teach him to pray to his Father in heaven.

Morning and evening, the family were gathered together, and the father would open the Bible, and read from it, and talk of the precious truths it contains—delightful subject of conversation. He would then commend them to the mercy of God, and pray that as he had been the God of his fathers, so he would be the God of his children. And his parents were not only careful to gather their family morning and evening, around the family altar, but endeavored to impress upon their minds the importance of joining in the devotion with their whole hearts, and the great truth that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship in spirit and in truth.'

Have you pious parents, who are as kind to you? How much should you love them for their tender care, and how much should you thank God, who has given you such parents. O, do not disregard their kind instructions,

nor ever wish that they would say less to you about religion, and let you neglect reading your Bible, and prayer. Remember, that if you will not obey them, it will be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you.

But perhaps your parents are not pious. They have no love to God, have never prayed with you, or tried to lead you to the Saviour. I pity you from my heart. Still you can pray for yourself; and you need to do it the more. And, while you pray for yourself, pray for your parents too, that they may repent, and come to God. You must not love them the less, you must not obey them the less. God says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' but you must not, like them, neglect the salvation of your soul.

Addison's father and mother were very particular about his attending the Sabbath school; and he was fond of going. He went before he was old enough to read, and continued to go till the Sabbath before his death. Although the meeting-house was two miles and a half

from his father's, yet he was one of the most constant in the school.

Nor did his parents think that merely sending him was sufficient. Before he was old enough to learn a lesson himself, they used to teach him hymns and verses in the Bible, and afterwards they used to help him in learning his lesson, and hear him repeat it before he went. The little book of hymns, which he first learned through, is still preserved by his sisters, as a precious memorial of their departed brother. A little more than two years since, when he was eight years old, he began the Union Questions, which made his Sabbath lessons still more interesting and useful.

There is one custom in his father's family, which I wish you would tell your parents about, and, if they have not, ask them to adopt in your family. Sabbath evening, the family sit down, and study out together the lesson for the next Sabbath; and sometimes on Saturday evening, they review it. This makes the Sabbath school lesson very easy, and very pleasant. It is no task to learn it. And what

a pleasant sight it is, to see parents, and children, and friends, sitting down together to study the Word of God.

I was myself present a few weeks since at such a family meeting as this. I am very fond of the exercise, and begged to be one of their number. I could not but wish at the time, that the same custom might be observed in every family. We should then come nearer to a general observance of the command in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy.

'And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them, when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

'And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

'And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and upon thy gates.'

And when you tell your parents of this, you

may likewise tell them of another custom, which is observed in the same family. When they cannot attend the Sabbath school, or the school is suspended, as it has been during the winter, they still have a Sabbath lesson at home; so that, though their attendance at the school may be interrupted, they have the pleasure and profit of a Sabbath school all the year round.

But I fear that I am keeping you too long from little Addison. You wish to know how he appeared, what he said, and what he did. He was naturally silent and retiring, more fond of hearing others speak, than of speaking himself, so that I cannot say so much of him in his first years, as may be said of some other little boys. Yet it is very pleasant for me, to dwell upon those things which I can tell you; and you will find that in most of them, it will be well for you to imitate Addison.

CHAPTER II.

Addison's natural disposition, and early appearance.

"Yet one thing thou lackest."—*Luke*, xviii. 22.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."
Jeremiah, xvii. 9.

"All the fair works of an Almighty power
He loves; yet loves not God. Why should it be?"

"Sinners, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ the Saviour hath declared
Ye must be born again."

I HAVE stated that Addison had a reserved and retiring disposition. But with this there was joined a large share of decision and perseverance. This trait in his character did not show its true excellence, till the latter part of his life, when he was engaged in the service of his Redeemer. But it appeared much earlier. He thought for himself, and when he had formed his plans, went steadily forward to execute them. Yet, if he found

that his plans were not pleasing to his parents, he was generally ready to drop them at once.

He had a great deal of natural kindness and tenderness of feeling. He showed this in many ways. He had a great regard to the wishes and feelings of his parents. His grandparents speak of his dutiful and affectionate behavior to them. He was very careful of his younger brother, and seemed to consider himself as his guardian; leading him to school, watching him in his sports, guarding him from danger, and relieving him in difficulty. Kindness like this I can value. I had a brother once, who was all to me that Addison was to his brother Alfred. But two years older than myself, he seemed much older than he really was. By his care and counsel he saved my thoughtless and wayward spirit from many excesses and dangers. But I will dwell no longer upon his memory. Excuse a brother for mentioning him.

Addison was remarkable for his love of peace, and often acted as peacemaker between his offended companions. I will men-

tion an instance. He was visiting one day with his mother at the house of a neighbor. He was out in company with two of his mates, H—— and E——, both older than himself. E—— was wheeling a load of apples. H——, in wanton sport, turned over his wheel-barrow. E—— was provoked, and was running at H——, threatening to hurt him, when he was prevented by Addison. 'Stop, E——, this would be rendering evil for evil.'

Among his school-fellows he always preferred the company of the gentle, to that of the rough. When the play became harsh, he usually withdrew from it, and was always the first to leave his sport to return to the exercises of the school.

At the Sabbath school, the teacher in whose class he has always been, assures me, that his general conduct was good, though he was not wholly free from that fault which is so common with Sabbath scholars, looking at the pictures in his book, and looking round, during the time of recitation. I hope you never do this. Hear what that sweet little boy,

Nathan Dickerman, said, when he was asked how many attended his Sabbath school.

'I don't know; when I was there I never dared to look round.'

'Why?' he was asked.

'I thought it wrong,' he replied.

It is wrong. And during the last summer that Addison attended, he was very careful not to look round, and his teacher does not remember that he looked in his book once, during the whole time.

Addison always went to the school prepared to recite, and it was a pleasure to his teacher to instruct him. He was glad to take books from the library. I will mention one with which he was very much pleased. It is called 'Little Addison.' Perhaps you have read it. It is an account of F. Addison Warner, a boy of Athens, Pennsylvania, who died a happy death in Christ, when he was thirteen years old. Little did Addison Pinneo think, when he was reading it, how soon he should follow Addison Warner. And little perhaps do you think, while you are reading this book, how

soon you may follow Addison Pinneo. Oh! be prepared to follow him!

Would you like to know more of his character, before he became pious?

He was very fond of assisting his father upon his farm, and had made himself quite useful to him. He was particularly attentive to the flock of sheep which his father kept. Here he could show the natural kindness of his disposition. His father says, 'I felt perfectly easy about my flock, when I was away from home, knowing that Addison would take good care of them. I was never disappointed. How often have I seen him holding one arm round the neck of a feeble ewe, and feeding her with the other. But the lambs were the objects of his special care. When they were at the most tender age, he was in the habit of visiting them about once an hour, to see that none were lost, and to bring down to the house all that were weak and chilled.'

One little lamb was a peculiar favorite. He had saved it from death. The lamb had been disowned by its mother, because, like

the poor African, it was black. The owner of the sheep (not his father) directed that the lamb should be knocked in the head, and the sheep turned away. 'Now don't kill it,' said the tender-hearted boy, 'give it to me, and I'll take care of it.' The owner told him that it would cost more than the lamb was worth. But he was fixed in his purpose of saving the lamb, reared it with great care, and it became a valuable ewe.

Addison showed the same tender regard to other dumb creatures. He would even sigh, when a hard blow was given them, and would beg others 'not to strike them so.'

No wonder, that Addison's parents loved him dearly. No wonder that they thought him a good son, and a promising boy. Yet with all his decision of character, his tenderness of feeling, and his propriety of conduct, they never thought him so good as not to need a change of heart. They knew that he might obey them without obeying God; that he might love them, and yet not love his Saviour; that he might be a good son to

them, and yet no child of God. They fully believed, that, unless his heart were changed by the Holy Spirit, unless he repented of his sins, and gave himself to Christ, he could never be saved. They mourned over him, as one dead in trespasses and sins, and daily prayed to God to have mercy upon him, a sinner.

Now if you have never repented of your sins, and given yourself to Christ, you are in the same state that Addison was. You have read his character, before he repented, and can you say that you are so much better than he was, that though he needed a change, you need none? I think you will not say it. And even were you better than Addison, yet if you do not love God, if you do not love to pray to him, if you do not love to read his word, if you do not love to think and talk of Jesus, and do as he commands, you are still an enemy of God. He must be displeased with you, and unless you change, he can never take you to heaven, that holy place, where only those that love him dwell. Oh!

I entreat you, as you read of the change in Addison, yourself to change; to repent without delay of all your sins, to love God who has been so good to you, to give yourself to Jesus who died to save you, and pray for the Spirit to come down, and make you holy.

CHAPTER III.

Addison is convinced of sin—His distress.

"My sin is ever before me."—*Psalms*, xv. 3.
"What must I do to be saved?"—*Acts*, xvi. 30.

"My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

"Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door."

Addison began to appear more thoughtful the latter part of May, 1831. He was now a little more than ten years old. The means which seemed to be blessed, were Sabbath school instruction, and the private faithfulness of his parents. He became now much fonder of reading and studying the Bible—was much more attentive at home, to his Sabbath school lessons, and, in the school, showed

not only a deeper interest in the recitation, and a better understanding of the lesson, but likewise strong feeling, as he was answering some of the questions.

Through the summer, his anxiety seemed constantly increasing. To show you how strongly he felt his sin and danger, I will tell you something which happened about the middle of July. He was in the field, before his father's house, spreading hay, in company with two others who were mowing. His distress was so great, that he was unable to go on. He stopped and wept. They asked him if he was sick. He answered, 'No;' and tried to go on with his work. Again he was obliged to stop. He made a third attempt to go on, and a third time failed. They asked him again and again if he was sick. With tears he only answered, 'No.' His disease was one within—a sickness of the heart. After a few vain efforts, he could bear it no longer. He quit his work, and hastened to a neighboring wood to seek relief by pouring out his soul to Him who heareth in secret.

After his return, he was more composed, but yet very sad. The burden of his sins had not left him. He could find no peace till he had found peace with God. In the afternoon of the same day, one of them asked him, 'What had made him feel so badly in the forenoon?—if he was sick?' 'No,' he answered, 'I am not sick, but I find I am a *great sinner*.'

Throughout the whole summer, signs of deep feeling, similar to these, were often observed by those who were with him, though his natural reserve kept him from speaking of his feelings to others, except in answer to their questions. Even then, he would say but little, though he showed a great desire to hear them talk of religion, and the tear would often stand in his eye, as he was listening. And he not only felt for himself but for others; and would even reprove those who were much older than himself for their thoughtless trifling—reminding them of the solemn truth, that the eye of a holy God was ever upon them.

Before you read anything more about Addison, will you, my dear young friend, let me ask you a few questions about yourself? Have you ever felt, as he felt, that you are a great sinner? Have you ever felt, that you must go by yourself, as he did, and ask God to forgive your sins? If you have not felt so, what can be the reason?

Can it be that you have no sins for God to forgive? Think of this, and remember, that God knows every thing that you do, or say, or think, or feel—and that you can hide nothing from him. If you are a sinner, it will be of no use for you to tell me that you are not, for God will see, that you tell that which is not true, and will be angry.

Now, every thing that is wrong in you, is sin. And can you say, that you have never done anything that is wrong—never said anything that is wrong—never felt anything that is wrong? Oh! I wish you could say it. But ah! has not God seen a great many things in you that are wrong, very wrong? and must he not be displeased with them? and can he

let you go to heaven, that holy place, where there is no sin, unless you ask him to forgive your sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died that sinners might be forgiven?

If then, you have never asked God to forgive your sins, will you not, before you read the next chapter, go by yourself, and kneel down, and tell him how great a sinner you have been, and ask him to forgive you for Jesus' sake? And do not be contented with carelessly asking him once, as though you thought little about it, but ask till you feel sure that you are forgiven, for God is ready to forgive all, and it will certainly be your own fault, if you are not one of those who are forgiven. Since Christ has died for you, the favor of God, and the joys of heaven may be yours. Oh! do not lose them by your sin and folly!

CHAPTER IV.

The conference on Commencement day—Change in Addison's feelings.

"Lo, we have left all and followed thee."—*Mark*, x. 28.
"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."
John, vi. 37.

"Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine."

"Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,
Take possession of thy own."

To show you how earnest and decided Addison was, in seeking religion, it may be necessary for me to write something about colleges. I suppose that you have heard of colleges, and perhaps you have seen them. But would you not like to know something more about them? If you would, I shall be very happy to tell you. A college is a large

school. 'But is it like the school I go to?' you ask me. In some things it is; but in many things it is very different. The scholars are older and larger than those in your school. Their studies are more difficult, so that you could not understand them now. They have several instructors—the first of whom is called the president, and the others professors or tutors. The scholars do not all study together in one room, as you do, but study each in his own room, and come together to recite. That there may be rooms enough for the scholars, there are large buildings, three or four stories high, and perhaps three or four times as large as the house you live in. At Hanover there are three of these large buildings, each of them three stories high. The college there is called Dartmouth college. There are now about one hundred and eighty scholars, who belong to the college.

There is one day in every year, which is called Commencement day, because the college year commences on this day. This is

a great day. A large stage is built in the meeting-house, and about twenty young men go upon the stage, and speak pieces which they have written. A great many people go to hear them. On this day there are a great many sports, a great many things to be bought, and a great many to be seen and heard.

Addison had been for a long time very desirous of going to Commencement. He had never been. His father had promised him that he should go, as soon as he was old enough to sit in the meeting-house, and understand what was said there. This year his father was going to carry him. But Addison had now lost all his anxiety to go, and preferred joining in a plan, which had been proposed by two older boys in the neighborhood. They were just commencing a life of devotedness to God, and thought it proper to celebrate the day in such a manner that it should mark the *commencement* of their new life. They proposed, therefore, to their young associates, that they should hold a religious

meeting upon that day. Some doubted whether such a meeting were proper, or not, and whether they should attend the meeting, or go to Commencement. Addison had no such doubts. He was willing to give up, at once, all his plans for earthly pleasure. His language was,

'I am decided. I shall go to the meeting.'

I wish you to read these words of Addison's again, and dwell upon them. They show you, how you must feel, if you would ever have religion. You must be decided. You must be willing to give up every thing else for it. You must be resolved, that you will have it, let it cost you what it may. It is worth more than every thing else put together. Oh! what a happy and glorious thing it is, to have God for your friend, to have Jesus for your Saviour, and to enjoy his love forever and ever.

But I will tell you about the meeting. It was held in the school-house, where they had so often met before for study, or play. There

were but ten of them, six boys and four girls. It was a small meeting, but the blessed Saviour has said, that 'where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he will be in the midst of them.'—Matt. xviii. 20. We have reason to believe that he was in the midst of this little meeting, and that he heard the prayers which came from their youthful lips.

One of the oldest opened the meeting by reading a chapter in the Bible. He then prayed, while the others knelt around him. After this, they talked of religion, and their own feelings upon the subject. Five of them expressed a hope that they had been born again; five had no hope. Of the last, was Addison. It must have been an affecting scene, when the question came round to him. He was in tears, and hardly able to speak. He could only answer, feebly, 'No.'

After their conversation, each one selected a few verses in the Bible, and read them.

Addison had now in some measure regained his composure. He read the parable of

the Ten Virgins, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. By his remarks, he showed how well he understood it.

'We ought,' said he, 'to have our lamps trimmed and burning, like the five wise virgins, and not have lamps without oil, like the foolish ones.'

It is not known that Addison thought of the striking fact, that the number present at their meeting was the same with the number of the virgins, and that they were divided into five and five, as the virgins were. If so, he was resolved, that the number of the wise and foolish should no longer remain equal.

After reading in the Bible, they all prayed. So deeply engaged were they in their meeting, that they continued it, till it was too dark to read. They met at five, and did not leave till about eight. They were in earnest.

Addison did not return home after the meeting, but, with the leave of his parents, passed the night with his cousin E——, who was about a year older than himself. Mrs.

H——, E——'s mother, lived between his father's and the school-house.

One of his companions told me the conversation he had with Addison, as they were returning from the meeting. They were walking before the rest, and Addison now told his feelings more freely than he had ever done before. He said, 'that this was the third time that his attention had been called up; that now he was determined to serve the Lord; for he was afraid, that if he did not serve him now, he never should. I feel,' said he, 'that I have been a great sinner against God, all the days of my life.'

After Addison reached his aunt's, he spent the rest of the evening in prayer. The scene of his supplications was the barn, and a retired spot directly behind it. One of his companions first joined him, afterwards two others, and lastly the three. Two of them were already indulging a hope. Here they wrestled with God for a blessing. It was obtained. The Holy Spirit came down upon them. While yet engaged in prayer, Addi-

son's heart softened, and he made a full surrender of himself to the Saviour who bought him with his blood.

O what a great change there is now in Addison. He is now a great deal better, and a great deal happier, than he was before. Before, he had no love to the blessed Jesus; now, he loves him better than any other friend. Before, he was living for himself; now, he is living for God. Before, he was an enemy of God; now, he is his friend. Before, if he had died, he would have gone to the world of wo; now, if he dies, he will go to heaven, that happy place, where all is peace, and love, and joy. Come, tell me, which would you rather be, Addison Pinneo before, or Addison Pinneo after this change?

I have mentioned that Addison was to sleep with his cousin E——. Before they went to bed, they united again in prayer. After they had gone to bed, they spent about half an hour, very happily, in talking about religion, and their own feelings. They now felt alike; and it was delightful to tell each other of

their feelings. Addison told E——, that 'the change in his feelings was while they were praying; that, when he rose, all seemed light about him; he thought he would serve the Lord, and it seemed as if the Lord was with him.' He said, 'that he found the most pleasure in prayer, of anything; that in all his plays and sports, he had never found so much pleasure.'

O, will you not pray? Will you not pray often, and fervently? And as you pray, will you not, like Addison, give yourself to the Saviour? You will then find the pleasure, which Addison found.

CHAPTER V.

Addison's new life—His devotedness.

"Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."—1 *Peter*, i. 8.

"He walked with God."—*Gen.* v. 24.

"A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above."

"He walk'd with God with holy joy,
While yet his days were few."

Addison rose the next morning very early, and having united with his cousin E—— in prayer and thanksgiving, returned home. With what a light heart did he bound up the hill which led to his father's house! The whole face of nature was now changed, for every where he saw the hand of Him, whom he could now call *his* Father, and *his* God.

His unusually bright and cheerful appearance was immediately noticed by his father,

who could not but suspect the cause. Oh! what joy must have thrilled his heart!—to hope that 'he who had been dead, was now alive again; that he who had been lost, was now found.'

Addison was now desirous that others should partake of his joy. He opened his heart first to J—— F——, a boy several years older than himself, who lived at his father's. Before, they had not always lived very happily together, but now—see the spirit of the gospel!—he went to J—— the first of all. J—— gave me a full account of their interview.

Addison told him his past and present feelings. He had felt, as if he were in great darkness—as if great mountains were between him and God—great mountains of sin. But, as he was praying, the night before, these mountains, all at once, disappeared, and he had glorious views of God. 'Now I feel happier,' said he, 'than I ever felt in my life before.' He then turned from J—— to his younger brother, Alfred.

'He told Alfred,' said J——, 'that he must repent, and come to God; that he could come to God easier then, than he could ever come afterwards; that if he lived to be as old as he was, he would find that he could not come so easily.' I left them talking, and when, after some time, I returned, I found them still talking. Then I talked with Addison some. He said, 'that he had been sinning against God, as long as he had lived; but that he had now come to Christ, and he had forgiven his sins; that he now loved God, and was very happy.'

I asked him, if he should be willing to die.

'If it were God's will,' he answered, 'I should be willing.'

I asked him why?

'Because,' said he, 'I should be happier than I am now. I feel as though God had forgiven my sins. I could die easily now. I always used to be afraid to die.'

After conversing awhile, he proposed that we should unite in prayer. We prayed in

the barn. He seemed to pray more earnestly for others, than for himself. He prayed especially for all Sabbath scholars, that God would give them new hearts; and for the heathen, that they might 'be brought to Christ.'

Addison began now to live and act like a Christian. The time which passed between his change of heart, and his last sickness, was very short. But it was long enough to give his friends very satisfactory evidence, that he had indeed been born of God. There was such a sudden and entire change in his whole appearance, that they could not have doubted it, even if he had said nothing himself to confirm such a belief. It was from this difference in his appearance, that his parents were first led to suspect that there had been a change of feeling, and it was to his conduct that they looked for proof that the change was real. Till they were fully satisfied, they were very careful to say nothing to him, which should lead him to suppose, that they thought him a Christian; and so prudent were

they about speaking of it to others, that it was not known out of the little neighborhood circle, till his last sickness. But in secret they rejoiced over it, and gave thanks to God. The attention which he now gave to divine truth was much greater, and he showed that he loved it. When the Bible was read, or its truths spoken of, he showed by his animated looks, that they were his delight. He was anxious to attend all religious meetings, and his attention, while present, led those who did not know of his piety, to inquire if he had not met with a change of heart. His disposition, in which there was a great deal of natural kindness, seemed now much milder than before, and even in his obedience to his parents, a difference might be noticed. He had always been an obedient child, but now he showed, that it was his delight to obey.

I mentioned that Addison, and an older boy who lived at his father's, had not always agreed perfectly well. It is pleasant to see how they now lived together. J—— has

told me that they used every morning to go together to drive the cows to pasture. On their return, they always stopped in the woods, and united in prayer. Addison showed that he loved to pray, and was very fervent in his prayers. He prayed not only for himself, that he might not be deceived, and might be kept from sin; but for his parents, his brother and sisters; for all Sabbath scholars, and especially for his class in the Sabbath school; for the heathen, and the whole world. They had many sweet seasons together. They often spoke of their past differences, as they were coming up the hill on their return, and settled them again and again. How true it is, that 'the fruit of the Spirit is *love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness.*' Gal. v. 22, 23.

His interest in the Sabbath school was now still greater than before. The last Sabbath he attended, Sept. 4th, his teacher was necessarily absent. His father, who was one of the superintendents of the school, heard the class, little suspecting that his son was

then reciting for the last time. The lesson contained some questions which required more thought than is usual with children of his age. When some of them, as might have been expected, had passed round the class, his father was pleased and surprised at the readiness and correctness, with which he answered them. It seemed as if he must have been taught by the Spirit.

At the day school, which he attended, his teacher informs me, that she noticed a change. He appeared differently in the school-room, and when out with the rest of the boys, instead of engaging with them in the usual sports, he seemed to be wholly intent upon doing good to their souls. She often saw him talking with them very earnestly, and speaks of one time in particular, when she looked out, and saw him, with several others, sitting round in a small cart. Addison was talking to them, and from the motion of his head, she could see that he was very much engaged. When they came in, one of the boys told her, that they had

had a very good meeting; 'Addison has been talking to us about religion.'

Prayer and religious conversation seemed to be his breath. The Monday after his entertaining a hope, Addison, with two younger school-fellows, commenced a prayer meeting, during the intermission. In this he always took the lead, as he was the oldest boy in the school. It was regularly held till his sickness. I have visited several times, and with peculiar interest, the spot where they met. A brook runs by the school-house, small, but rapid, and very playful. Upon this brook, a little below the school-house, a saw-mill has been built. Behind a high pile of boards, not far from the mill, under a large cherry-tree, the prayer meeting was held. One board laid on the ground behind the rest, served them to kneel on. The meeting began with three, but the number increased, till they reached from one end of the board to the other.

But it was not enough for Addison, to hold this meeting with his school-fellows.

He used to take them separately, and with tears in his eyes, beg them to repent, and come to Christ. He would then kneel down with them, and pray to God that he would give them a heart to repent.

I will relate a little anecdote, told me by a neighbor, as one of the many which might be related, to show his devoted spirit.

"He called in the morning," said Mrs. C., "to get our boys to go to school with him. I wished them to come home at noon to eat their dinners. They were very reluctant; and that they might come the more willingly, I asked Addison, if he would not come with them. I shall never forget the answer which he made me, he spoke so decidedly; 'I want to stay and talk with the boys. I want to talk with them all. I feel as if it was my duty to.' At my earnest wish, however, they came up, but eat their dinner hastily, and hurried back to hold their meeting."

CHAPTER VI.

Addison's illness.

"His days are as a shadow that passeth away."—*Psalms*, cxliv. 4.

"What is our life? a vapor and a breath!
What are the fondest hopes of man? a dream!
That vapor flies before the touch of death,
That dream will fade in morning's golden beam."

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees,
Sweet to lie passive in his hand
And know no will but His."

But Addison's days were now almost finished. Wednesday, Sept. 7th, he returned from school with a headache, and a soreness in his throat. These, however, did not keep him from attending the conference in the evening. The meeting which had been first attended on Commencement day, was still continued. It was held every Wednesday

evening. This was the third evening. This was the last meeting Addison ever attended. He was very soon to be in a better meeting, which will never end. He little thought that this was the last opportunity he should have of joining with his young companions in religious conversation and prayer. And perhaps the thought has not occurred to you, that this may be the last book, which you shall live to read. But there certainly will be a last book, and why may not this be the one?

Wednesday night, Addison was restless, and Thursday morning, the symptoms of his disease, which was the scarlet fever, or throat distemper, showed themselves more plainly. This was to be the last day of the summer school; and Addison, who had attended very constantly, and who, young as he was, was the oldest boy in the school, was very unwilling to be absent. He wished to meet his school-mates once more together, and hold one more prayer meeting with them, by the saw-mill brook. Sick as he was, he earnestly entreated his mother to let him go. She

could not, of course, consent. And when he found that it was not proper that he should obtain his request, he seemed perfectly calm and resigned, under his disappointment.

In the afternoon he was obliged to take medicine, and to lie down. His disease had now become very painful. Yet he was patient, and seemed to think more of giving trouble to others, than of his own sufferings. To avoid troubling his mother and sisters, he exerted himself much more, than they wished —and often, when they asked him, if he would have something done for him, would answer, 'I don't like to give you so much trouble.'

He was able to sit up, and to read a little till Sunday, Sept. 11. But the nature of his disorder was such, that through his whole sickness, it was difficult and painful for him to converse much. He had constant pain in the throat, and was obliged, every little while, to use a strong and very unpleasant medicine, to clear the passage. I have wished for your sake, my dear young friend, that he could

have said more about his views and his feelings, and could have sent you from his death-bed such a message as he would have liked to send. But it is doubtless best that he was not permitted to say more—and I fear, that if his few simple words will not move you, you would not be moved, though he were to rise from the dead.

On the Sabbath, the scarlet spots (from which the fever is named) began to appear. During this and the two following days, his fever was extremely high, and distress very great. Wednesday, the fever appeared to abate a little, and his parents were cheered with the hope that his greatest danger was now past. Alas! how delusive. That very night he was attacked by the croup, and before the third day he was taken from them.

After the croup had set in, his distress was greatly increased. The physician who attended him, and who, during his last days, was almost constantly with him, said that his sickness was distressing beyond anything that he had ever witnessed. He compared it to a

rope put round the neck, and drawn as tight as it could be drawn without producing instant death. His breathing was so difficult, that you could hear him breathe in another corner of the house. He could now say but very little, and this only in a whisper, with great exertion, and frequent interruptions. To increase his suffering, his strength continued to the last, so that only two or three hours before his death, in his distress for breath, he sprang upon his feet in the bed.

Conceive, if you can, of such sickness and suffering as this; and then ask yourselves, how you could bear it. And yet all this Addison bore, bore patiently, bore cheerfully. He was happy through all this pain.

His physician told me that he had been by the bedside of many, but he had never seen anything which would compare with this—so much suffering, and so much cheerfulness. His medicines were some of them very unpleasant, and yet he never made the least objection to taking any of them. He was never heard to complain. "The nearest

approach he made to it," his father says, "was Wednesday evening—the evening he was attacked by the croup. In extreme distress for breath, he sprang upon his knees in the bed. I could see that the muscles of the neck were violently strained by his exertions to regain his breath. After he had regained it, he looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'Pa', what *shall* I do?'" None of my readers, I am sure, will consider this as the language of complaint. They will look upon the statement as a proof of the caution of the father, and not of the impatience of the son.

His father often asked him, 'Do you feel happy, Addison, notwithstanding all your distress?' The reply was always with a smile, 'Yes, Sir.'

His cheerfulness in view of death was equally striking. He saw, in the 'king of terrors,' a friend who would carry him to his Saviour. When his father saw that his disorder had become alarming, he asked him, if he felt willing to die. The question was new. Addison thought a while, and then calmly

answered, 'I feel willing to die, or willing to live.' To repeated questions of the same kind from both his parents, he always gave a similar answer, often adding 'as God would have it.' In no case do they remember his expressing any wish of his own. He had many ties to bind him to life, yet he was willing to break from them all to be with his Saviour; his pains were severe, yet he was willing to bear them, if it were the will of his Heavenly Father. He seemed to have received some portion of the Spirit of Jesus: 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

Is not that religion worth seeking, which can give such support as this? Come, and go with me to his bedside, and let us see how a Christian can die. There he lies upon the bed. A few days since, he was as strong as you are, as active as you are, and had as much reason to expect a long life. But now death has marked him for his own. Shall we talk with him? But ah! we have come almost too late. Had we come a few days sooner, he might have conversed with us in

his usual tones. Now he can say but a few words, and those only in a whisper. But what a calm there is upon his countenance. He even smiles in his pain. Yes! for he is going home.

But lightly as he bore his own suffering, he showed a deep feeling for the distress of others. He often endeavored to comfort his weeping friends.

"At one time, seeing me weep," said his mother, "he asked me,

"'Why, Ma', do you cry?'

"Because you suffer so much," I answered.

"'That's nothing—I must die sometime, if not now—I may as well die now. Ma', you will die too.'"

He tried to console his mother by the thought that she would follow him, and that they would soon meet, never to part. His parents and sisters remember many such conversations.

Sometimes by a playfulness of manner he

would attempt to beguile their grief. I will mention an instance.

The morning before his death, a phial of spirit was got for him to rinse his mouth with. He took it, rinsed his mouth, and looking his father in the face, said with a smile, 'Pa', I don't know but you think I am going to become a rum drinker?' His father assured him that that was the least of his concern. 'You don't drink any of it, do you, Addison?'

'No, Pa', I *don't drink* any of it.'

For rum drinking he had a great abhorrence. He felt very badly that a friend of his sold rum. He had talked with him about it, and expressed a belief that he would not sell it long. He was sorry that it must be got for him that morning, at the store of this friend, lest it should encourage him in the practice of selling. In the afternoon, he wished his father to buy some for him at the apothecary's, four miles distant, where it might be sold with propriety.

His regard for the feelings of others ex-

tended to the most trifling circumstances. The afternoon before his death, he expressed an anxiety, that one of his school-fellows should sleep with his little brother, that he might not be left alone by reason of his sickness.

He often expressed an anxiety for the conversion of others. It is worthy of mention, that his views generally extended to the whole world. The state of the heathen had made a deep impression upon his mind, even before his sickness; and while yet in health, he had made their conversion a frequent subject of earnest prayer. He used to pray that *all* might be saved. He has prayed for you, then. And shall his prayer be in vain?

CHAPTER VII.

The last afternoon and evening of Addison's life—His death.

"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him."—*Jer.* xxii. 10.

"Oh weep not for him! 'tis unkindness to weep,
The weary, weak frame has but fallen asleep;
No more of fatigue, or endurance it knows;
Oh weep not—oh break not the gentle repose—
He sleeps—oh! how sweetly! on Jesus' kind breast."

THURSDAY noon, Addison was put into a warm bath. It gave him present relief, but could not stop the progress of his disease. His friends saw plainly, that his end was near. He himself had been aware of his danger, and, feeling that he had now nothing more to do with this world, had calmly willed all his little property to his younger brother. Among other things, he had a lamb, of which he was very fond, and which had been given him by a very dear uncle.

'Alfred,' said he, 'you may have my

lamb now—I shan't want it any more—I am going to heaven.'

After he came out of the bath, his mother felt of his hands and feet. They were now growing cold. It was the coldness of approaching death. With what deep feeling did his parents, his brother and sisters, and other friends, watch around his bed. He seemed the most calm among them, and acted as a comforter to the rest.

"Once, when he had been in great distress, he looked up," said his father, "and saw us weeping. He asked us,

"'What makes you cry so?'

"We said that we could not help it.

"'The doctors have been telling you,' said he, 'that I can't live. But I may just as well die now as ever. I shall get to heaven quicker.'

"We told him that we could not well help weeping to see him suffer so much.

"'O Pa',' said he, 'that a'nt much. It makes me feel bad to see you cry so.'

"He then wept himself. This was the

only time I saw him weep during his sickness, save that, when he was awaking out of sleep, before he had fully recovered his sense, he would cry a little."

His father was obliged to leave him, this afternoon, to go for Dr. M——, who lived four miles off. Before he went, not knowing that he should find his son living when he came back, he asked him what message he would send to his class in the Sabbath school?

'If I die before Sunday,' replied Addison, 'I wish you to tell my class to *repent and come to Jesus now*.'

His father asked him if he had anything for the whole school.

'Tell them *all*,' said he, 'to come to Jesus.'

After his father had gone, he called to his little brother, to come and lie on the bed with him. 'Come, Alfred, lie on the bed with me once more.' Alfred came. Addison put his arm round his neck, and smiled. What a beautiful picture of a brother's love.

Soon after, (about three o'clock,) his dis-

tress for breath increased;—he thought he should live but a few minutes. Looking round,

'Where is Pa'?' he asked.

'Gone to the college,' his mother answered.

'I think I shall live but a few minutes. I can't live so. Dr. S——,' he asked very calmly, 'don't you think I am dying?'

The doctor told him that he thought he was not dying then.

'Well,' said he, 'I don't know as I shall die now, but I shall die soon. I never shall see Pa' again,—but I dont know as it makes any difference. Tell Pa', farewell!'

Mrs. C. was standing by the bed. 'Tell H——, and Z——, (her two sons,) farewell!' said he, 'I hope I shall meet them in heaven.'

He then turned to his aunt, Mrs. H——, 'Tell E——, farewell! I shall meet him in heaven.' He then mentioned the names of some of his other friends who were absent, and sent them a farewell.

His mother asked him if he had thought of the Sabbath scholars; for she knew how very dear they were to him.

'Tell them to repent, and come to Jesus now, and *not put it off, till they are on a sick bed, as I am.*'

His difficulty in breathing suddenly increased. Making a great effort to speak, he said,

'I am going—farewell, Pa'! Laura, Catharine, Alfred—I bid you all farewell!—farewell!—farewell!—I am going to Jesus!'

He sunk back exhausted. But life had not quite fled. He revived, and his friends were allowed to have him with them a few hours more. At this interesting moment his pastor came in. But I must give you Mr. Towne's own account of the visit.

"I had heard of Addison's sickness, and of the nature of his complaint; and had mentioned to Mrs. T—— that I must go and see him. Friday morning, his grandfather called and said that he was very sick, and the family

wished me to call; that the boy himself was desirous to see me. I said I would go that very day. In the afternoon I went. As I called up to the house, I noticed one of the family, in tears, coming from the house and speaking to another, who was at the door. I did not hear what was said, but it seemed to agitate them very much. I asked them if he was dying? They told me he was, and hurried into the house. I followed them as soon as I was able. When I came into the room, he had revived. His friends were still weeping round the bed. Addison fastened his eye on me, when I entered the door. I went directly to the bed, and took hold of his hand. He spoke to me immediately, before I had said anything to him.

"'*I am going to see God, and Jesus, whose feet and hands were nailed to the cross.*'

"I asked him if he did not wish to live? He answered,

"'*As God would have it to be.*'

"I was much struck by his words, as I did not know that he had any hope. It was

known to but very few. I told him that he must put his trust in Christ, and that I hoped God would take him to heaven, if he died.

"His mother then came up, and asked him if he wished me to pray for him.

"'Yes,' said he, 'and not for me only, but for all the family.'

"We knelt around his bed, and prayed, but it was in a great degree with groanings that could not be uttered. We were all in tears; and I never found more difficulty in utterance. The burden of our prayer was, to give him to God. After we had gone out of the room, I asked the mother if she could give her son to God?

"'Yes, I gave him to God a great while ago.'

"She said this with tears in her eyes, but with a smile upon her countenance. I afterwards learned from other members of the family the particulars of his conversion, and the evidence he gave of piety. I was in the room with him after this, two or three times, but he was unable to converse much. When

I bid him farewell, I was entirely overcome, not expecting to meet him again in this world.

"I have read of such cases of youthful piety, but I never saw one before; and it was overwhelming to see in one so young, so much calmness in speaking about death, and the result of death."

His father returned with Dr. M——, before his pastor had left him. But Addison was far beyond the reach of medical skill.

After Dr. M—— and Mr. T—— had gone, Addison asked that his bed might be removed, so that the head of it should stand against the front window. He then asked that the window curtain might be lifted up, and raising himself up in the bed, he looked calmly and slowly round upon the yard, the road, the barn, the field, the wood, the various scenes of his sport, his labor, or devotion; and having bid them this silent farewell, merely said 'There,' to show that he was satisfied—quietly lay down again, and let the bed be removed to its former place.

During the evening his disease was making constant and rapid progress, but his heavenly composure remained the same. To his sister who was weeping for him, he said with a smile,

'Eliza, don't you think I feel better than you do?'

His parents gently let him know that they thought his end was near; speaking of his going to heaven soon.

'Yes,' said he, 'I shall soon be in heaven. And I want Pa', and Ma', and all the rest to go to heaven; and grandpa', and grandma'; and *all in this house; and all in the world.*'

This was said in an animated manner, but with great exertion.

No wonder that his brother and younger sisters were unwilling to leave him. But they had not fully recovered themselves from an attack of the very disease which was now destroying him. It was necessary for them to retire. They came in several times to bid him farewell, but their feelings were too strong. They could not do it. At last they

overcame their feelings, so that they could come to the bed. As Alfred was leaning on the side of the bed weeping, Addison said to him, 'Don't cry for me—I am going to Christ—I am going to see where the nails were driven into his hands. *Cry for yourself; repent, and go to Christ.*'

Alfred was very much affected; but he went to the other side of the room, wiped his eyes, and came back. As if to satisfy himself more fully,

'Addison,' said he, 'had you as lief die now as ever?'

Addison again assured him of his entire willingness to die. Alfred then seemed satisfied, and more willing to leave him. It was time for Alfred and his sisters to go. They could say little more to their dying brother than 'Farewell!' and left him, never to see him again in this world. I hope they will meet him in heaven.

While the mother was out with her children, Addison was left for a time alone with his father; who often speaks of this as the

most delightful season he ever spent with his son. All his natural reserve was now thrown off, and with a smile upon his face, now pale with death, and in an unusually rapid manner, he poured forth his whole soul.

He spoke of his own bright views of heaven, and of the situation of those whom he should leave behind him; he named to his father those of his young acquaintance who, he thought, had repented, and whom he should welcome in another world; he poured forth his ardent desires for the conversion of the world, and dwelt upon the delight of meeting in heaven never to part.

He continued the conversation, till he could speak no longer. By this effort, he was very much exhausted, and after this said but little. He seemed to be mostly engaged in prayer. Some of the time his hands were spread, and if any one came near, by a slight motion he showed a wish not to be disturbed. He was conversing with an unseen friend. From names which could sometimes be heard, he seemed to be praying for particular persons,

but what he asked for them could not be distinctly heard.

Not far from midnight there was a change. The cold sweat of death came out upon his forehead. He became now a little wandering. Once during the evening he had complained of dizziness, and his mother had told him that she hoped he would have his reason to the last.

'Well, Ma',' said he earnestly, 'what shall I do to keep it?'

But he need not have been so anxious, for his very wanderings showed not less than his calmest moments, where his heart and treasure were. It was such a wandering, that we could almost wish ourselves to be wandering like him. Several times he threw his arm around the neck of his father, who was sitting by his bedside, and said to him,

'Come Pa', let's go home. Why need we stay here any longer?'

'Where is your home?' his father asked him.

He answered by pointing upward. But

did he not know where he was? His father, to learn this, asked him,

'But where are you now, Addison?'

He showed by his answer, that he was wishing for no earthly home;

'I am in the north room, on the bed.'

He became more and more anxious to leave his home on earth, and go to his home in heaven. He called again and again for his hat and handkerchief. They were at last brought him. He put on his hat, and rose up in the bed.

'Come,' he cried, 'I am going to Christ.'

'But,' said his mother, 'you cannot go in the body. You must leave the body.'

His recollection seemed to return.

'O yes,' he said, took off his hat, and lay down again.

It is a most pleasing thought that his recollection remained clearest upon divine things. Ask him any question respecting the truths of the Bible, or his own future prospects, and his answers would be correct; but he seemed to have forgotten that the chains which bound

him to earth were not yet broken, and that he could not yet rise to his God and Saviour.

As morning drew near, he became more still. His hands and feet grew colder. At last his breathing became irregular,—with great exertion he could only whisper, 'Jesus! —Jesus!—convey safe!'—his breath was suddenly stopped—by a single, though a great effort, he burst his chains, and his spirit rose to that Jesus whom he loved, and on whom he called with his dying breath.

This was between four and five in the morning, and the sun, which rose in brightness, shone only on a lifeless corpse. But the spirit had gone where there is no need of the sun.

O that you could have been there, that you could have heard the dying prayer, that you could have witnessed the final struggle, and could have seen the perfect calm that marked the lifeless features, an emblem of the rest to which the spirit had risen. It seems impossible, that you could have rested, till you had obtained a hope of the same glorious immortality, till his Saviour had become your Saviour, and his God, your God.

And will you, can you rest any longer without an interest in this blessed Saviour? He is as willing to save you, as he was to save Addison. He died for you, as well as for him. Yes, he died *for you*. *For you* he was stretched upon the cross; *for you* the nails were driven through his hands and feet; *for you* he was forced to cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' *All this was for you.*

Will you not love him? Will you not give yourself to him? Since he has died to save you, will you not be saved by his death? And will you not try to do something for him, who has done every thing for you?

Oh! stop; put down the book, and read no more, till you have knelt down, and given yourself to Jesus.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine.
Thine entirely—
Through eternal ages, thine."

CHAPTER VIII.

The burial.

"I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day."
John, xi. 24.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee,—and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died."

"I would not live always! No, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus has lain there, I welcome its gloom.
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies."

HAVE you made the surrender? Have you given yourself to Jesus? If you have, I know that you are accepted. 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' are his gracious words. John, vi. 37. You may now read, without grief, even the account of little Addison's burial. For if his Saviour is your Saviour, you will soon meet him with joy,

and spend with him an eternity in praising God, in that blessed place,

"Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Addison died Saturday morning, Sept. 17th. He was buried Sabbath afternoon. His afflicted friends passed in solemn procession along the way, which led to the house of God, thinking of him who had gone so often with them, and in their grief, thanking God that the instructions he had received there had been blessed to his soul, and rejoicing in the thought that he was now 'walking the golden streets.' The large Sabbath school to which Addison belonged, and of which he was one of the younger members, stood at the door of the house, ready to receive them. After the corpse of their deceased school-mate with his friends had passed through them, they themselves followed in, and sat as mourners. His

own class, as feeling his loss most deeply, took the nearest place.

His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Towne, preached from a text, which the little sufferer had repeated on his death-bed ;

'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' Luke, xviii. 16.

He delivered the affecting message which Addison had sent to his class, and to the Sabbath school. 'Repent and come to Jesus now, and do not put it off to a sick bed.' I hope it was not delivered in vain.

After the funeral service was closed, the family, his class, the Sabbath school, and other friends, passed around the coffin to take the last view of his remains. One who was present told me it was one of the most affecting sights he ever witnessed, to see his little class pass round. They preserved their composure in some degree, till they had gone quite round, but as they turned back, to take the last look, there was a gush of tears, which told how much they loved him, and felt

his loss. I hope they will all be prepared to meet him in a better world.

The Sabbath school again joined the procession, and formed with the rest of the mourners a circle around his grave, while the following beautiful hymn by Miss Steele was sung.

"The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies:
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die."

The mourners then took their last look of the little coffin, which held the remains of one who was so dear to them, and left the grave,

'sorrowing not as those who have no hope;' but looking forward to the glorious day, when 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality;' and when the lifeless corpse, which they had just committed to the tomb, would be restored—

"a glorious form,
Called to ascend, and meet the Lord."

"Farewell—Farewell—I am going to Jesus."—p. 63.

Farewell! my father, for I go
To a still dearer friend;
And far above this world of wo
My spirit shall ascend;
To my Redeemer I shall quickly rise,
Who bought for me a mansion in the skies.

Mother, farewell! thy tears for me
Are shed, but shed in vain;
Oh! do not weep—why should it be
The cause of so much pain,
That I am going to a happier home,
Where thou thyself, dear mother, soon wilt come!

Kind sisters, too, farewell! farewell!
Those mournful sighs forbear;
I'm hastening with my Lord to dwell,
Will you not meet me there?
Will you not join me in the world above,
Where all is peace, and happiness, and love?

Brother, beloved, farewell to thee!
I'm going far away,
My God, my Saviour calls for me,
And I must not delay.
Oh! love the Saviour too,—make him your friend,
His love is perfect, and will never end.

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